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# JUDGE

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*JUDGE*—"SAME OLD CHESTNUT."

# Fourth of July Judge

Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Cable Address, "Judgark." Tel. 6632 Madison Square.

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## JUDGE'S CRACKERS—SMALL AND LARGE.

THE DECISION, "It was a glorious Fourth," usually depends upon the age of the judge.

Without detracting in the least from the pleasure of the future presidents still in short pants, their elders might fittingly celebrate Independence Day by doing something to promote the movement to establish suitable and permanent residences for American consuls in foreign lands. The more noise that is made on this subject the better.

After the Fourth has passed look out for the editorials in the newspapers on "Mortalities of the Fourth." Such editorials are a fake. This year they should be headed "Mortalities of the Fifth."

IT WAS A GREAT FOURTH.

Governor Hughes, of New York, has touched off a few crackers since his inauguration. Other crackers are still smoldering and liable to explode any minute. Certain politicians will do well to remember the experience of their boyhood days.

The trouble with experience is that so few people are born with it.

The more people you get to help you keep a secret, the sooner it gets away from you.

Many a man who hooks up his wife's gown says things behind her back that he would not dare to say to her face.

The man who draws a large salary for serving another should not waste too much time minding his own business.

It was probably Eve also who first taught Adam that a peach looked good enough to eat.

It may be that minorities are always right, but they are always left at the polls.

Money talks, but it is usually a confession of gilt that it gives us.

The blessing of poverty lies in the fact that when we are afflicted with it we know the worst.

The real truth is that when poverty comes in at the door true love puts on the gloves and makes it look like a counterfeit Canadian dime with a hole in it.

## THE SMUGGLING SEASON.

THE SMUGGLING season has opened propitiously, and every day large hauls are reported by the custom house. So far the contraband articles discovered appear to consist chiefly of pearls, monkeys, and sheath gowns. Strangely enough, the things that one would think were the easiest to get through without detection are the things that have been confiscated. One lady was discovered with a Salome costume hidden away in a pill-box in the bottom of her trunk, when by the exercise of a little prudence she might easily have brought it in as a bookmark in a pocket dictionary or a French phrase book. With larger articles, the smugglers seem to have been more successful, for we do not find any allusion to anybody's being apprehended for bringing a rhinoceros, a grand piano, or an elephant in undeclared. There are no giraffes, onyx staircases, pyramids, old masters, or tally-ho coaches among the things reported, either. Altogether it looks as if smuggling on a large scale had been taught at our institutions of learning, at the expense of the refinements which in the old days made it possible for a man to get by the inspectors with a foreign-made cinder in his eye without having to pay duty on it.

## PEN-POINTS.

GET your canoe painted and the leaky places caulked while in New York. Colonel Goethals says that the Panama Canal will be ready August 1st, 1911. JUDGE offers the suggestion that it be opened with a college boat race.

* * *

JUDGE extends a most cordial invitation to the college graduates of 1909 to visit New York as soon after commencement as possible. Most of you will drift to New York anyway. So come early. The early bird gets the job.

OVER THE LINE.

TOUCHING OFF A GIANT CRACKER

## SUGGESTIONS FOR A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH OF JULY PARADE.

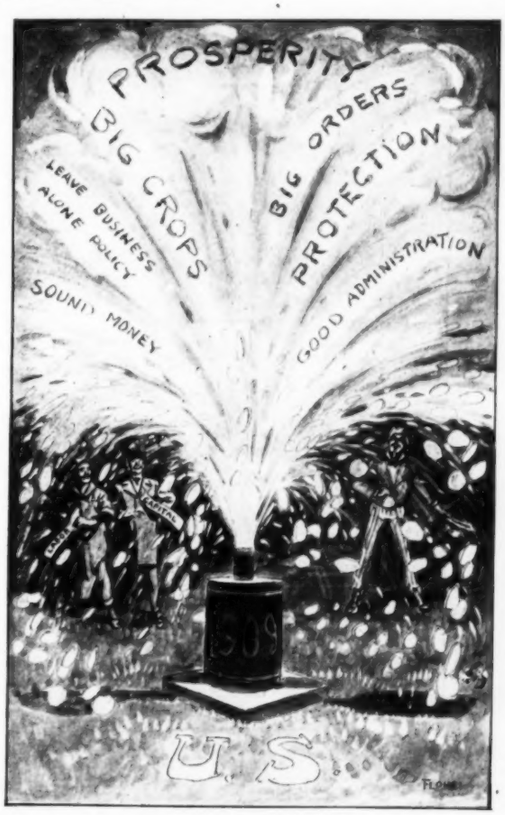
DEAF-MUTE muffled drum corps.
Luther Burbank, distributing the Burbank Noiseless Fire-crackers to the crowd.
Senator Stone, of Missouri, heading the Congressional Gum-shoe Brigade.
Mayor of the city, reciting the Declaration of Independence in a whisper.
Inventor Maxim demonstrating the Maxim Silencer for toy cannon, anvils, etc.
Delegation of ear-muff manufacturers, in automobiles.
Carnegie Librarians, in felt slippers, bearing the customary library sign:
SILENCE.
Fireworks Manufacturers and Officials of the Powder Trust, in chains and wearing crepe.
Doctors, also wearing crepe.
Schoolboys, on foot, mostly throwing stones at the paraders.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

## SLANG—SEASONED TO THE FOURTH CELEBRATION.

*Punk*—Ditto.
*All over*—Noise.
*Beat it*—The drum.
*Fired*—The pistol.
*All up*—Sky rockets.
*Sure pop*—The torpedoes.
*I'll be blowed*—The horn.
*A kicker*—The old musket.
*Up in the air*—The bombs.
*High balls*—Roman candles.
*Bang up*—The giant cracker.
*Scratched*—The little match.
*Off in a bunch*—Firecrackers.
*Full of hot air*—The balloons.
*Never again*—The exploded mine.
*Going some*—The "nigger-chaser."
*One good turn deserves another*—Pinwheels.
*Nothing doin'*—If you thought to sleep late.
*In at the finish*—The family doctor.
*Sounds good to me*—July 5th.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.




UNCLE SAM'S FLOWER POT

## THE NEW MOTHER GOOSE.

THIS is an age of revision. Everything that has been done in the past is now being done all over again and brought up to date, if not improved. In view of the fact that nobody as yet has seen fit to attempt a revision of the rhymes of the nursery, we beg leave to suggest a few alterations of the old text that we hope will find favor with the young. They follow:

(MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.)

Mary had a motor-car
That smelt of gasoline,
And everywhere that Mary went
It scented up the scene.

It followed her to school one day,
And everybody guessed
That Mary'd got her summer clothes
Out of the camphor chest.

(BYE, BABY BUNTING.)

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Teddy's gone a-hunting
To get a brand-new rhino's hide
For the Smithsonian Institution.

(PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?)

Taxicab, taxicab,
Where have you been?
I've been to London to see the Queen.
Taxicab, taxicab,
What did you there?
Charged the poor cuss inside three times his fare!

(LITTLE BOY BLUE.)

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The cow's in the meadow, the sheep's in the corn;
The bull's in the pasture, with wings on his feet,
And Patten's got hold of a corner in wheat.

(IF ALL THE WORLD WERE APPLE PIE.)

If all the world were mucilage,
And glue was all the sea,
Oh, what an awful sticky world
This stuck-up world would be!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## IN RE THE PANTALOON SKIRT

MAID of Athens, faithless flirt!
Give me back my coat and shirt;
Or, since they adorn your chest,
Keep them now and wear the rest!

---

A LITTLE inside information. The alimentary canal is 40 feet long.

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.

MISS MARMION STONE, IN "MISS INNOCENCE."

"Hello, people, hello!"
The little love-god twangs his bow,
And shoots out his darts
At the audiences' hearts
Each night at your musical show.

## WINIFRED'S WONDERFUL WASHING.

(A Thrilling Escape in Two Chapters.)

WINNIE had a gallon can,
'Twas full of gasoline.
She sat down by the parlor stove,
Last summer's gloves to clean.

The gasoline did not explode,
Nor she "go up the spout."
Dear Winnie's not an angel yet,
'Cause the parlor fire was out.

JACK P. ROBINSON.

## GETTING READY.

*Dicks*—"I see you have a bundle there. Not getting ready for the Fourth so early?"

*Wicks*—"Yes."

*Dicks*—"Roman candles and firecrackers, eh?"

*Wicks*—"Nope. Witchhazel and arnica."

## INFANT AND UMPIRE.

HE COULDN'T call the baby
The name it sweetly claims,
Yet he could call the umpire
A thousand different names.

IN THE dressing-room, beauty is only "make-up" deep.

NO DANGER.

*The serious one* (solemnly)—"My friend, prepare to meet thy doom."

*The happy one*—"Don't (hic) worry 'bout me (hic), shur. I 'm not goin' (hic) home to-night."

## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

HAD A BULLY time to-day!
Didn't do a fing but play!
Everybody scolded me,
'Cuz I got so cross; but, gee!
Couldn't make the pinwheels hum—
Some of them was werry bum!
Shot a rocket in the flat;
Set a *fizz* on daddy's hat!

Fizzer didn't burn up quite,
But the hat burnt up, all right!
Shot a cracker at a bug,
Burnt a hole in muzzer's rug;
Tore my pants and burnt my face,
Broke a brand-new chinny vase;
Got a spankin', wif a book,
From Joannabel, the cook.

Didn't mean to spoil her hat—
I was shootin' at the cat!
My balloon—a elephant—
Wouldn't go up worth a cent!
Roman candles wouldn't shoot,
Nigger chasers wouldn't scoot,
Rockets didn't leave no tail—
Muzzer got 'em at a sale.

Shot my crackers all before
It was noon, and wanted more.
Borrowed sixty cents from dad,
W'ich was all the change he had;
Coaxed two bits from Cousin Jess,
Begged a nickel from Aunt Bess;
Tried to get a dollar from
Uncle Pete, but his ear-drum

Wasn't fastened on his head—
Didn't hear jus' wot I said;
Teased a dime from Sister Sue,
And free cents from Bruzzer Hugh;
Worried muzzer awful lot,
Cried a dollar's worth, and got
Firteen cents, to go away
And not speak to her all day.

Spent my money—all I had—
Tried to get some more from dad.
He was jus' a-reachin' down,
W'en he looked up wif a frown.
I knew wot he meant by that—
He'd found out about the hat!
I got licked and sent away—
But I had a bully day!

HARROLD SKINNER.

## MAMMA'S LITTLE HELPER.

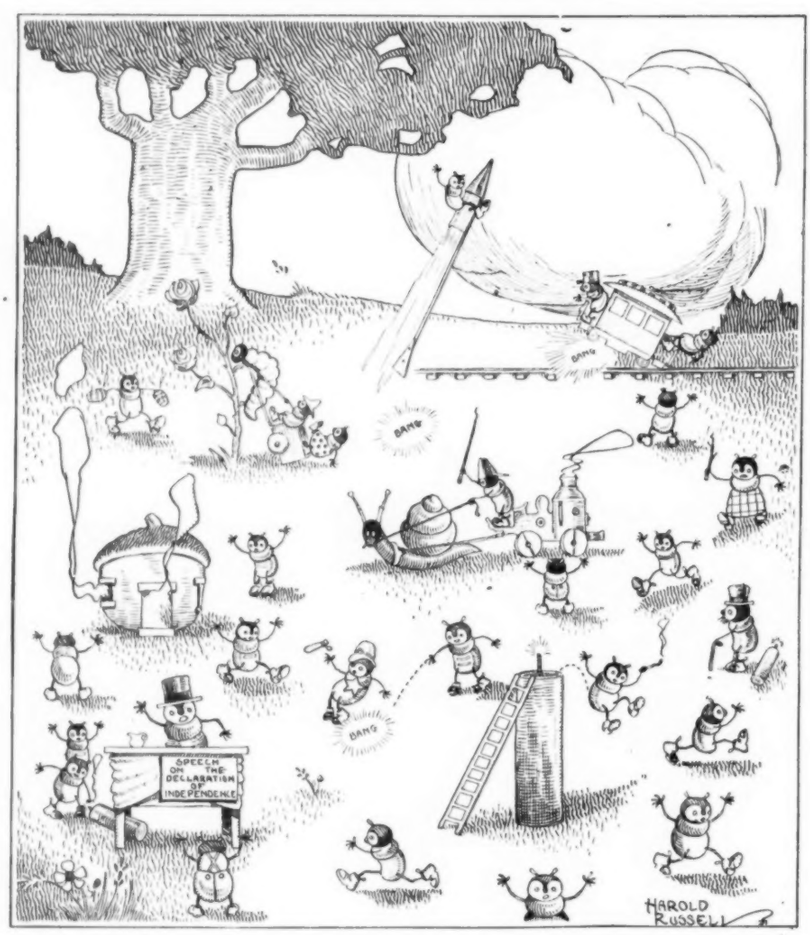
"SAY," asks the small boy, sidling into the parlor while the gentleman caller waits for his mother, the handsome widow, to come down, "are you thinkin' of marryin' mamma?"

"Why—er—I don't know, Willie. Why do you ask, my little man?"

"'Cause if you ain't I can go outdoors and ride my bicycle an' play ball with the fellers my age; but if you are I got to stay inside an' play with a lot o' kid things."

## ON THE BOARDS.

'TIS BETTER to have starred and failed than never to have starred at all.




THE "FOURTH" IN BUGVILLE.

CELEBRATING HIS FOURTH.

## A MODERN DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

*(The Unanimous Declaration of the Bachelors' Brotherhood of America.)*

WE HOLD these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created free and single, that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights, that among these are the single life, unhampered liberty, and the pursuit of individual happiness. To secure these rights, we are informally banded together, and have been from time that whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and whenever any government, petticoat or otherwise, presumes to infringe upon these rights, it is the duty of those affected to alter or abolish it, as seems best, to assure unto themselves safety and happiness.

Such have been the encroachments of woman upon these our rights and privileges that we can no longer suffer in silence, but are, perforce, compelled to drag the matter into the glaring spotlight of publicity. It would ill become us to put forward these declarations were it not that we have been most grievously used, and in proof of this we submit facts to a (we fear) prejudiced world:

She has laughed to scorn the ancient faiths of our brotherhood.

She has constrained many of our fellows to take the great leap into a "cottage built for two"; furthermore, she has incited them to tempt the weaker brethren into the selfsame snare.

She is vigorously waging a war of extermination against those of us who are left.

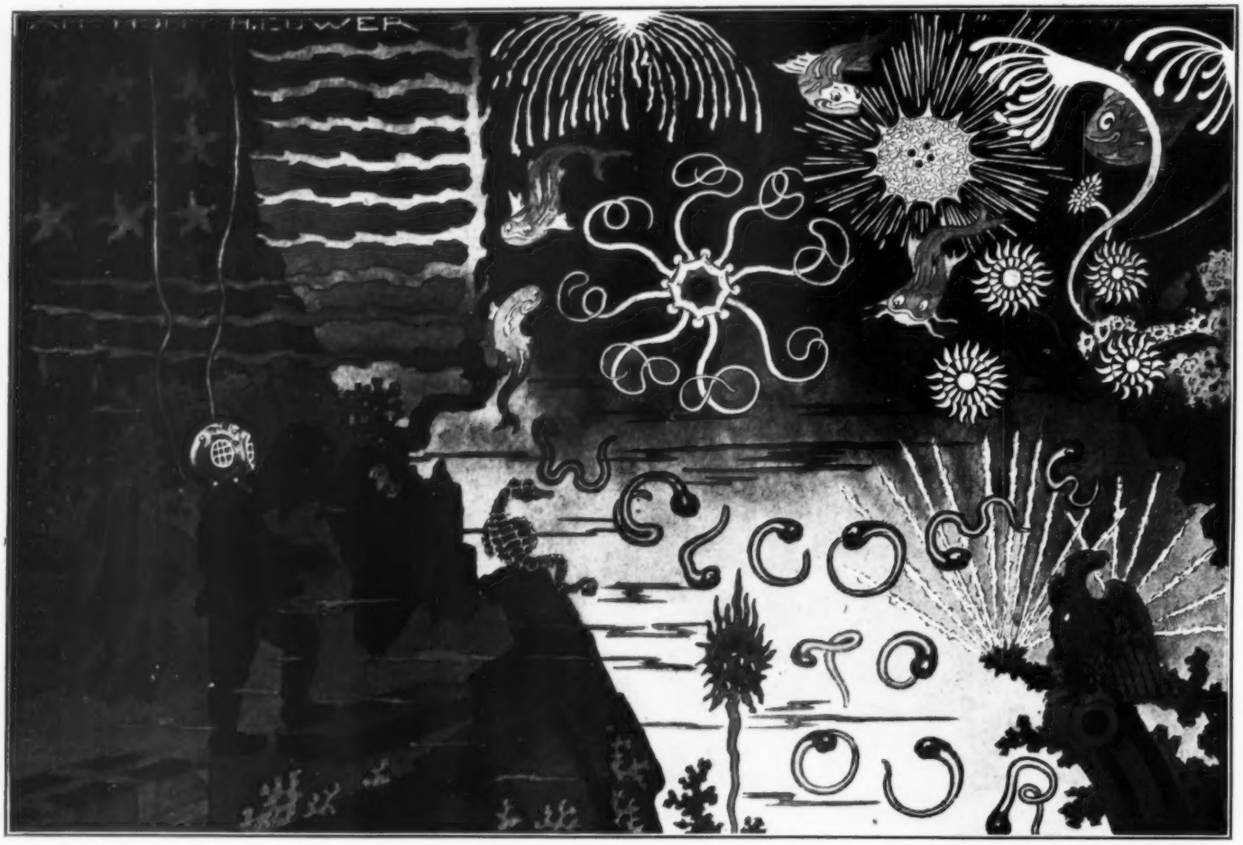
She has endeavored to have various Legislatures impose a grievous tax upon us because of our condition, when, in the majority of cases, the cause of such condition can be traced directly to her door.

Not content with leap year and its presumed privileges, she has tried to inculcate the opinion that custom should sanction the proposal of marriage by woman, thus virtually making every year an open season for bachelors.

Failing in this, she is considering the advisability of taking the matter into her own hands, and, in spite of custom, herself proposing marriage when all other means fail to break man's determination, trusting to our innate chivalry for an acceptance of such proposal.

We, therefore, the Brotherhood of Bachelors of America, in

YEARLY DISTURBANCES SEEN ON THE EARTH BY THE PEOPLE OF MARS (JULY 4TH).



AN INTERNATIONAL HOLIDAY.
"Well, bless me soul! if they ain't at it down here, too."

## A FOURTH OF JULY EPISODE.

1. *Firefly*—"Wonder what this confounded thing is to sizzle when I only sat on it.——

secluded conclave assembled, do solemnly publish and declare that we bachelors are, and of right ought to be, free and single men; that we are absolved from all allegiance to woman, and that all sentimental connection between ourselves and woman is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and single men we have full power to frequent clubs, maintain cozy bachelors' quarters, act as impartial judges at baby shows, give expert advice on the rearing of children, and to do such other things as free and independent bachelors may of right do.

And to signify our determination to stand by these our declarations we pledge our single lives and fortunes, and affix hereunto our hands this Fourth Day of July, Nineteen Hundred Nine.

(Signed) .....

[Seal]

Who'll be the first to sign? Come!

LOUIS SCHNEIDER.

## "ANOTHER PLATE O'" (PLATO).

THE Fourth of July means cake and pie and fruit and candy sweet;
There's ice-cream pink and things to drink—just watch the children eat.
Now where they stow it all away's beyond our comprehension,
But scientists would probably say, "They've found the Fourth Dimension."

W. B. KIRR.

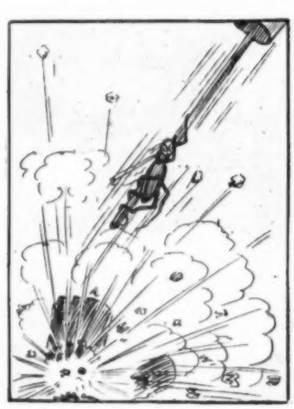
## THE SOFTENED FOURTH.

"HOW IS our little Johnny celebrating the Fourth?" asked the father, on Independence Day, 1912.

"He's making as much noise as the law will allow," replied his wife. "He's down cellar, cracking peanuts."

2. —— I'll just rest here and see what happens.——

3. —— In the name of Sam Hill what's up? Everything I touch burns. Ouch! my back."



4. Zip! Bang!! Boom!! Whiz!!!

5. *Firefly*—"Hereafter I stay at home on the Fourth of July!"

ANCESTRAL CUSTOM.

*Cherubibby*—"Gee, Babby! Where did you git the scrub wings?"
*Cherubabby*—"Let up on it, Bibby; my mother cut them down from an old pair of pap's."

## WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

AN OUT-OF-TOWN visitor and his wife decided to spend an evening at Coney Island. The first show they struck was "From the Earth to the Moon." They stood that all right, although Mary was a bit dizzy as the airship ascended. Escaping safely, they landed right in front of "War Is War." John enjoyed it, but Mary ducked every time one of the mimic gunboats sent off a shot (from the wings).

From there they happened into "The Cave of the Gnomes," where queer dwarfs chattered at them and they had to make their way out the best they could inside the wiggling tail of an enormous serpent. When they finally stood on firm boardwalk again, Mary said to John, "Is there anything more like this?" "Dunno," says John. "Let's go see." And he plunged into the entrance labeled "Fire and Flames." Mary stood for that, although she had to repress a shriek every time one of those fake women was rescued from the fake third story of the fake lodging house. When the curtain dropped, she drew a long breath. "John," she whispered, "do you want to see any more shows?" "Well," he said, "there's one up the street aways that I'd kinder like to see. It's called 'The End of the World.'"

Mary consented, and they went in and took their seats. The lightning lightninged, the landslide slided, the earthquake quaked, the tidal wave tided, the thunder thundered.

Then Mary turned to John and said, "Why, this is just like home! Let's see it over again."

THE Fourth of July was the day our forefathers did things; to-day it is the day the small boy does things.

## THE USUAL FOURTH.

"HOW WAS July Fourth observed in your town?"

"In the usual way; there were one hundred people at the town exercises, and five thousand at the baseball game."

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

*Englishman*—"I say! Blessed if I ever go sky-cycling over this blooming country again on Fourth of July night."

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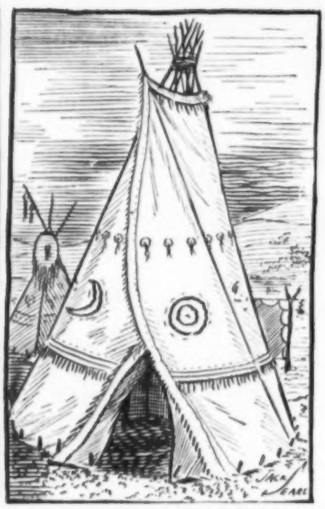
FANCIFUL FANAS

*Uncle Sam*—" Now for the th of

ANASY OF A FAN

the th of July 'double-header.'"



"THE LAND OF THE FREE—AND—THE HOME OF THE BRAVE."

### ITS FAULT.

"HAVE you finished designing that new model corset for next season?" asks the manager of the factory.

"Yes, sir," answers the head designer. "Here it is."

He shows the manager a corset that does not come below the knees, does not reduce the form to the contour of the section of stove-pipe—in short, a corset that allows its wearer to walk, sit, eat, and otherwise be natural.

"It won't do," says the manager shortly. "We wouldn't sell a dozen of 'em in as many years. It 's too sensible."

### UNCLE'S IDEA OF NEW YORK.

*City nephew*—"What do you think of our city, uncle?"

*Rural visitor*—"Bewilderin', fairly bewilderin'. Thar 's so many things goin' on before y'r eyes at one time that to me New York 's just a great three-ring circus!"

### THE OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH OF JULY.

THE DAWN of the Fourth—the old annual story—
The nervous man's dread and the small boy's glory.
The east is yet gray when all the land rumbles,
And the small cannon pops and the big cannon grumbles;
And the torrid sun creeps through a blue haze of powder,
And the torpedoes snap and the cannons boom louder—
On the Fourth of July—
The old-fashioned Fourth of July!

The small boy's abroad, and his breakfast forgotten,
With his long stick of punk or his smouldering cotton;
And he touches off bombs and crackers and rockets,
And drops pinwheels in the policeman's pockets;
Old gentlemen swear and old ladies mutter,
And the Chinaman peeps through his steel-bolted shutter—
On the Fourth of July—
The old-fashioned Fourth of July!

The nervous may fume and sizzle with ire,
But the rocket will flare and spurt its red fire;
The police protest, and almost profanely,
And the papers may plead to spend the day sanely;
But remember the days when you were a tacker,
And list to the boom of the big cannon cracker—
On the Fourth of July—
The old-fashioned Fourth of July!

VICTOR A. HERMANN.

### IN THE FUTURE.

"PAPA," asks the small boy in the year 1950, "what was a zoo?"

"A zoo, my son," explains the indulgent father, "was a place where wild animals, such as lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceri and hippopotami were kept on public exhibition."

"Gee! Why don't they have any zoos nowadays."

"A man by the name of Roosevelt went to Africa and killed all the supply."

## CAPTAIN FIBB'S FOURTH OF JULY YARN.

1. "When I wuz explorin' through Central Asia the country wuz so bloomin' hot I had to have a suit of clothes made outer asbestos to keep me from roastin' to death.——

2. —— Well, I worked me way to the forbidden city, and fust thing I knows I wuz surrounded by a bunch of fierce-lookin' chinks!——

3. —— They captures me and ties me to a stake, and starts a big fire under me. Yep, their game wuz to roast me alive!——

4. —— Well, boys, I pulls me asbestos cap down over me face, and I feels as snug as a bug in a rug in me fireproof suit, 'ceptin' a little overheated as the flames comes a-snappin' and a-cracklin' all around me.——

5. —— Bimeby the flames dies out and nary a hair of me head is harmed! Then it comes me turn to throw a scare inter them heathens, so I yells out that I 'm old Confucius himself, and if they didn't let me loose I 'd sizzle 'em to cinders!——

6. —— And you bet they pretty quick loosened me and fell on their faces and worshiped me while I walks calmly and majestically away from that infernal place!"

## OVERHEARD IN THE FIREWORKS SHOP.

"Well," said the tall Sky-rocket, laying down his morning paper, "to-morrow is the Fourth of July, and the weather bureau says it is going to be a sticky day."

"That's better than a rainy day," said the Pin-wheel. "Somehow or other a rainy day dampens my spirits and interferes with my work."

"I suppose," said the Sky-rocket, "that some fresh kid will try to get a rise out of me before night."

"Yes," sighed the Giant Cracker; "and they'll be after me for some kind of a report, too, I imagine."

"You bet they will," said the bundle of Punk; "and you'll find me right with you, Cracky, old chap. I'll help you make a noise in the world."

"Thank you very much, Punky," returned the grateful Cracker. "It's always easier getting started with you round, even if you are light-headed. Anybody see the Torpedo this morning?"

"No—he went off last night," said the Pin-wheel, "and I don't believe he's coming back. The boss threw him down hard, and he fairly exploded with wrath."

"I'm rather worried about the Balloon," put in the Green Light. "He told me he was busted, and was very much afraid he'd make a fizzle of it. It's a tough thing to be a Balloon and collapse at the critical moment. He'd be fired in a jiffy."

"Oh, nonsense!" ejaculated the Sky-rocket; "that's nothing but Balloon talk—he's always full of hot air. Just you watch him. He may go up in the air, but he'll carry it off with a swell front all right."

"That's what I told him," said the Green Light; "but he's so nervous he says he'll have to take gas."

"I wonder if I'll satisfy the crowd," said the Pin-wheel anxiously.

"Of course you will. There's enough of you to go round half a dozen times, you little spitfire you," said the Sky-rocket affectionately.

"Well, I don't know," said the Pin-wheel; "you know I've got wheels in my head, and sometimes I get rattled and wabble."

"That can be cured if you are careful of your nails," said the Sky-rocket. "A crooked or a rusty nail can ruin the best Pin-wheel that ever whirled."

"I guess that's so," said the Pin-wheel. "I'll send for a manicure the first thing in the morning."

"That's right," said the Sky-rocket. "If you do that and take a spoonful of cod-liver oil and powder your nose just before you start, I'll bet a hat you'll make a hit."

"I don't care about making a hit," said the Pin-wheel; "but I do want to do my turn without a hitch. I hate a stammering Pin-wheel."

"Is my cap on straight?" asked the Toy Pistol.

"Yes; but I think it comes down a little too far over your forehead," said the Green Light, with a sly wink at the Sky-rocket.

"What harm will that do?" asked the Toy Pistol innocently.

"It'll smother your bang," replied the Green Light gravely.

And the assembled Fireworks fairly exploded with laughter, waking the Bomb from her nap and making her so angry that she literally blew them all up, thereby putting an untimely end to our little story. HORACE DODD GASTIT.

AFTER THE FOURTH.
"What yer laughing fer, Jimmy?"
"'Cause I don't have to wash my hands."

## WONDERFUL GIRL.

There was a girl in our town,
And she was wondrous sweet.
She felt her hair was coming down
One day while on the street.

And when she found her hair was down,
With all her might and main
She twisted it into a knot
And put it up again.


**A Clean, Healthy Scalp**

and beautiful hair usually tell the story of

**PACKER'S TAR SOAP**

"Particularly recommended as a shampooing agent. It removes dandruff, stimulates the blood vessels of the scalp, and produces a beneficial influence upon the nerve supply."—*Monthly Cyclop. of Med.*

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York

An American's sense of projecting himself far beyond the skies and hills of his forefathers is largely responsible for his self-assurance—for his mental vigor and the progress which this has meant.

The Sixth Sense—the sense of projection—is due to the telephone. It is due to the *Bell telephone system* which at any instant conveys *his personality,* if not his person, to any part of the country. It carries his voice with *directness* to the ear of the person wanted. Carries it with its *tone qualities* and *inflections*—things which are *vital* to the expression of personality.

Bell telephone service is more than a mere carrier of messages. It is a system of sensitive wire nerves, carrying the perception-message to the nerve centre and the return message simultaneously. *It is the only means of communication which thus carries the message and the answer instantly.* While *you* are projecting *your* personality—the strength of your individuality, to the distant point, the party at the other end is projecting *his* personality, at the same instant and by the same means, to you.

*You are virtually in two places at once.*

Though this service is in a class by itself, the Bell telephone has no fight with the other public utilities. Its usefulness is dove-tailed into *all other utilities.* Each of the others is unquestionably made more effective by the Bell telephone.

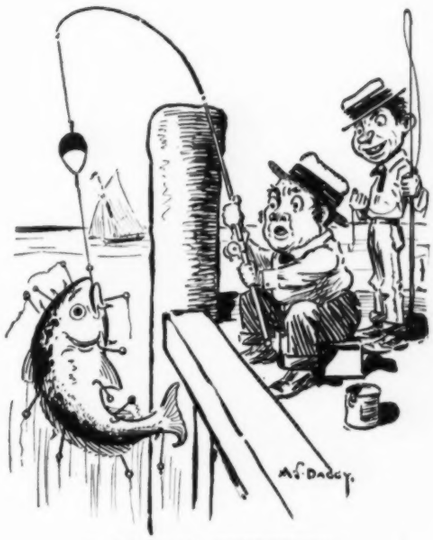
A telegram is delivered from receiving office to house by *telephone.* The more people telegraph, the more they *telephone.* The more people travel, the more they *telephone.* The more energetically a man pursues business of *any* kind, the more he needs and uses the *telephone.*

The universal Bell telephone gives every other utility an added usefulness. It provides the Nation with its Sixth Sense.

***A business man has one important arm of his business paralyzed if he does not have a Long Distance Telephone at his elbow. It extends his personality to its fullest limitations—applies the multiplication table to his business possibilities. It keeps things moving.***

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

***Every Bell Telephone Is a Long Distance Station***

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"Gosh—all fish-hooks!"

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

# Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable after Dinner

BETTER—STRONGER

More lasting in flavor than any other. A try—a test —Goodbye to the rest!

Sold in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ packets

Frank H. Fleer & Co. Inc.

Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

## CAP AND GOWN SMILES

I WONDER.

When the plays were sound
And the plots were good,
And the chorus gowned
As a chorus should,
We all would roughhouse the whole show through,
And the ushers did business by two and two,
When the plays were sound
And the plots were good.

Now the play's risqué
And the plots are worse,
While the lines they say
And the clothes are terse;
But now we loll through the whole —— show—
Are we badder or better, I'd like to know,
Now the play's risqué
And the plots are worse?
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

# BROMO-SELTZER

CURES

HEADACHES

10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & $1.00 Bottles.

A QUESTION OF LEARNING.

Winifred is very clever;
She's a college graduate.
She can discourse on Beethoven
In a manner most sedate.
Winifred's not very pretty
(I should hardly call her that),
But she's got the higher branches
Of philosophy down pat.

Daisy is a perfect stunner
(That is what the fellows say);
When it comes to smiles and dimples,
She has everything her way.
And when she is out a-golfing,
Every one admires her swing;
But of higher mathematics
Daisy doesn't know a thing.

Winifred is most proficient
At domestic science, too;
I'm afraid that Daisy couldn't
Even make an Irish stew.
But the boys all follow Daisy,
Winifred is quite forgot—
Now does higher education
Really pay, or does it not?
—*Princeton Tiger.*

A LA CONAN DOYLE.

"Aha, villain!" exclaimed the detective, as he burst in the door; "at last I have found you out!"

"On the contrary," observed the criminal, "you have found me in."

Biting his nails in futile rage, the baffled sleuth withdrew.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

PENALTY OF BORROWING.

"I got a lickin' fer borrowin' a quarter from Skinny yestidday."

"How's that?"

"Well, I had t' knock him down afore he'd lend it t' me."—*Princeton Tiger.*

THE RESULT.

"Why is it that Rosamond appears so unhappy? Did she not marry a count?"

"Yes; but he turned out to be no count."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A RECORD BREAKER.

"That man has broken more records than any one else I ever heard of."

"A runner?"

"No; he owns a graphophone."—*Stanford University Chaparral.*

RECTIFIED.

The report that ex-President Eliot is making preparations for a hunting trip in Zululand is absolutely unfounded.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

*She*—"Yes, I adore a big, broad-shouldered, brainy, handsome-looking man."

*He*—"Oh, darling! This is so sudden."—*Columbia Jester.*

WHAT WAS?

*Miss Orange*—"Do you know Poe's 'Raven'?"

*Mr. Black*—"Why, no; what's the matter with him?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"These pajamas are good stuff. You'll never wear them out."

"No; they're hardly suitable for street wear."—*Cornell Widow.*

DIOCESE DEFINED.

When Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, bishop of central Pennsylvania, was in London not long ago his fame as the "cowboy bishop" brought thousands of young boys and girls to hear him speak wherever he went. In one of his talks to the youngsters, he held them spellbound by telling them of his diocese in Wyoming, which was more thickly populated in the old days with bears and Indians than with Christians.

When he was finished with his description he asked the English children if any one knew what a diocese was. One boy promptly raised his hand.

"What is it my lad?"

"A diocese, my lord, is a body of land with a bishop on top and the clergy underneath," was the answer.

"A little of this goes a long way," said the aeronaut, as he flicked the ash from his cigar.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Time is money, and money is time. Get all the money you can without getting time.—*Red Hen.*

By-by, seniors! May the cold world not treat your A. B.'s too coldly.—*Columbia Spectator.*

Food for reflection—the green apple. —*Harvard Lampoon.*

A dead beat is not half so bad as a real live one.—*Red Hen.*

Distilled waters run steep.—*Yale Record.*

"Pa, what's an alligator pear?"

"Two alligators, son."—*Red Hen.*

The Truth

Can be told about

Great Western Champagne

—the Standard of American Wines

There *is* nothing to conceal in its production. It is Pure Grape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connosseurs desire.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,

Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

A DILEMMA.

*The future queen*—"Stop crying and hurry up."

*The worm*—"I can't hurry, I've got two buttons left over and they both won't go in the same buttonhole."—*C. N. Smith, in Princeton Tiger.*

WHY HE WAS BROKEN UP ABOUT IT.

*Asker*—"So you married her because of her beautiful voice and superb complexion?"

*Askee*—"Yep."

*Asker*—"Well, what happened to her voice?"

*Askee*—"Cracked."

*Asker*—"And her complexion?"

*Askee*—"Ditto."—*Williams College Purple Cow.*

OVERHEARD IN BOSTON.

*First straphanger*—"I'm glad the open cars are here."

*Second straphanger*—"Yes; they are lots cooler."

*First straphanger*—"Not that; but ladies never get on when the car is full, and you don't have to feel cheap if you have a seat all the way."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Noticed about the new hats—The larger the peach basket, the less the peach.—*Red Hen.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

Philip Morris

ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes

Best known by the company they keep

*Cambridge* regular size 25c

*Ambassador* after-dinner size 35c

*"The Little Brown Box"*

Club Cocktails

*A Bottled Delight*

When you mix a cocktail, you take chances. When you use CLUB COCKTAILS you don't even have to mix. Just pour over cracked ice and you'll have the most delicious and satisfying drink you ever tasted.

They can't help being better than the mixed at random kind.

*Martini (gin base) Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular.*

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

Hartford
New York
London

# SHEAR WIT

COUNTRY LIFE IN AFRICA.

He shot a roc
And a gnu and a bok*
And the rapids of the Nile;
But he never shot
A camelot,
For they ain't no such animile.

* *No, not the one you are thinking of.*

—*William Seaver Woods in the Bang.*

A SONG.

Now sing a song of summertime,
And raise a joyful shout—
The season of the speckled boy
And of the freckled trout.

—*Lippincott's.*

A man might just as well make up his mind to like being fooled by girls because he 's going to be anyhow.—*N. Y. Press.*

AT THE SUMMER RESORT.

*Maude*—"There 's one thing about this engagement I don't like."
*Alice*—"Why, I think Tom is a perfectly splendid fellow."
*Maude*—"Yes; but he did not have to go to New York for the engagement ring. He just went up to his room and got it."

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast
When home the lamp-shade came at last,
Which I had bought that very day
In town, packed in a sort of hay—
Excelsior.

My brow was sad when I beheld
To what a size the shade had swelled;
For surely, if it were not such,
They'd never, never need so much
Excelsior.

I bore the package to my room.
For how could I foresee my doom?
I pushed the desk and table back
And slowly started to unpack
Excelsior.

I burrowed deep, and downward dug,
Until I'd covered all my rug.
I spread it then upon the floor,
But still I pulled out more and more
Excelsior.

"It cannot be," I said at last,
"That in my haste the shade I've passed."
But though the lamp-shade I may miss,
I know I never ordered this
Excelsior.

Then it began to fill the air,
The desk, the table—everywhere.
It reached the ceiling, blocked the door,
And yet there still remained some more
Excelsior.

Next morning I, of course, was missed,
And with the shade clasped in my fist,
With hay below and hay above,
They found me in a mountain of
Excelsior.

Now, when I order anything—
A picture or a vase or ring—
I always tell them at the store
To please omit the ton or more
Excelsior.

—*Daniel A. Lord in Christian Work and Evangelist.*


First aid to the host.
Fine at meal time
—all times.

You can tell a Blatz Bottle a block away!

BLATZ
BEER
MILWAUKEE

The one notable achievement in brewing.
The veritable fulfillment of beer character, quality and healthfulness.

*Always the same Good Old Blatz.*

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**Correspondence Invited direct.**

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Write the Val. Blatz Brewing Co., mentioning this paper, for their interesting booklet entitled "A Genial Philosopher."


REVISED EDITION.

It is about time that some composer produced a companion piece to "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" under the title, "Aviated in the Clouds of the Sky."—*Scranton Tribune.*

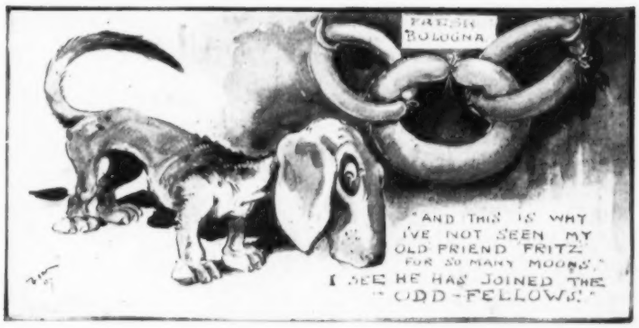
A woman can stand living in most any kind of house by calling it an estate.

THE GRAMMAR CLASS.

*Teacher*—"James, what is grammar?"
*James* (alias Jimmie)—"Grammar is the science which learns us how to speak correct."—*Life.*

A girl is hardly ever entirely satisfied with herself unless nobody else is.—*Ex.*


ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?

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fussing, fuming, fanning, and forget the heat in a cool, refreshing High Ball made of

HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE

RICH IN TONE
MELLOW IN FLAVOR

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

STARTING OUT WELL.

*Old nurse* (to newly-married couple, after viewing the wedding presents)—"Well, my dears, you ought to be very 'appy. There ain't a thing amongst 'em as a pawnbroker wouldn't be pleased to 'andle."

—*London Punch.*

# SHEARS *and* PASTE POT

### AXIOMATIC.

The attitude of many toward the suffragists appears to be the old axiom of our school days: "Them as asks sha'n't have; them as don't ask don't want."—*Zangwill.*

### NO WONDER.

"How did Blinkin become insane?"

"He slept three months under a crazy quilt."—*Herald and Presbyter.*


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ALEXANDRIA BAY
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THE VENICE OF AMERICA

Opens June 20th. Fishing, boating, golf, etc.

Send for booklet to

O. G. STAPLES
Owner and Proprietor


### SOMETHING GOOD.

When other men are running down
Your neighbor or your native town,
Don't shake your head approvingly
Or slyly wink the other eye—
Say something good.

Join in the conversation, too,
And let the circle hear from you;
Defend the place that gave you birth,
And bring to light your neighbor's worth—
Say something good.

When other men are full of strife,
Engaged in taking cash or life,
Don't imitate the awful wrong,
Don't join the law-defying throng—
Do something good.

Do something good and show such souls
That there are better, higher goals.
Example is the greatest pay
That you can give the world to-day—
Do something good.

—*Joe Cone in the Boston Herald.*

### A NEVER-FAILING SUPPLY.

The fond husband was seeing his wife off with the children for their vacation in the country. As she got into the train, he said, "But, my dear, won't you take some fiction to read?"

"Oh, no!" she responded sweetly. "I shall depend upon your letters from home."—*London Tatler.*

### WELL RECOMMENDED.

"Is he a good bookkeeper?"

"He certainly is. He never returned any of mine."—*Princeton Tiger.*


A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE

HIGH LIFE BEER

MILLER-MILWAUKEE


### THE TRUE BEGINNING.

When Phyllis looks
Through story-books
And skips the early stages,
And, deep immersed,
Peruses first
The author's final pages,

To see if there
The maiden fair
Is to the hero wedded,
And if the two
Fond lovers true
Escape the villain dreaded,

I'm much inclined
No fault to find,
And would not criticise her;
For it may be
Than others she
Is infinitely wiser.

For as I read
My daily meed
Of real-life's endless spinning,
I can't deny
The marriage tie
'S the love-tale's true beginning.

—*John Kendrick Bangs in the New York Times.*

### A PROVISO.

*Bride*—"Here is a telegram from papa."

*Bridegroom* (eagerly)—"What does he say?"

*Bride* (reads)—"Do not return and all will be forgiven."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

### MARVELOUS.

"More than five thousand elephants a year go to make our piano keys" remarked the student boarder who had been reading the scientific notes in a patent-medicine almanac.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed the landlady. "Ain't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do?"—*Chicago News.*

### FOR A DISTANT HARVEST.

A Kentucky girl whose father was an undertaker was sent to a fashionable New York boarding-school for finishing term. One day one of the girls asked her what business her father was in, and, fearing she would lose caste if she told the truth, she carelessly answered, "Oh, my father's a Southern planter."—*Lippincott's.*

### LITTLE JOHNNY.

Little Johnny, for a frolic,
Ate a melon parabolic;
When the fruit arrived inside,
Little Johnny up and died.
Was the trouble melon-colic?

—*Columbia Jester.*

JOHN JAMESON
★ ★ ★
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Kansas City, Mo.
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White Plains, N. Y.
Portland, Ore.
Philadelphia, Pa. 812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa. 6216 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Toronto, Ont., Canada
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
London, England.

A FISH STORY.

*Either gold fish*—"I really think we ought to have a net underneath for this performance."—*London Punch.*

**EUROPE.** Miss Weldon, unlimited experience, chaperons young ladies abroad. Very highest references. Address Sixteen South Brighton Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

**DO YOU KNOW HOW?**

James Montgomery Flagg.

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**"THE ONLY WAY TO EAT AN ORANGE?"**

THIS 50-cent print, in sepia, will make an acceptable gift to any lover of pretty pictures. It is a convenient size for framing, too. 12 x 16 inches.

**JUDGE COMPANY**

**225 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK**

# *Reflected Humor*

BAD NEWS FOR OUR DOCTORS.

"And now that you are through college what are you going to do?"

"I shall study medicine."

"Rather crowded profession already, isn't it?"

"Can't help that. I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances, that's all."—*Boston Transcript.*

A SPEECH OF THANKS.

In the course of a speech not long ago Representative John Sharp Williams illustrated his point by a story of an old colored woman in Alabama, whose extreme age and helplessness were such that her neighbors felt called upon to supply all her needs.

The aged negress was very grateful for all such attentions, and never failed to express her gratitude therefor in original language.

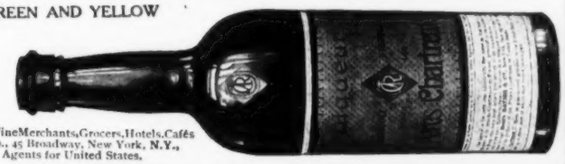
It appearing one day that she could not sufficiently thank the son of an old friend who had brought her some choice fruit, the old woman said,

"You is powerful good to a pore ole woman like me, wid one foot in de grave an' de odder a-cryin' out, 'How long, oh, Lawd, how long?'"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

**Liqueur Pères Chartreux**

GREEN AND YELLOW

DAINTY DELICIOUS EXQUISITE CORDIAL OF THE CENTURIES



At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

COMING BACK AGAIN.

*Prisoner*—"Can I speak with the convict Smith for one moment?"

*Jailer*—"No; he has just left, after finishing his time. But ask me again in about a week."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

A DISTINCTION.

Some one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."—*Argonaut.*

The great objection to exercise is it is good for the health.—*N. Y. Press.*

HIS CHANCE.

*He*—"Might I be so bold as to sit beside you?"

*She*—"Most fellows are bolder."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

RETRIBUTION.

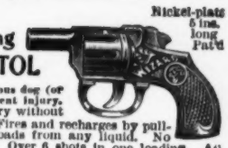
"And so Cain cruelly slew his brother Abel," says the Sunday-school teacher. "And what was the penalty he suffered?"

"He married a woman in the land of Nod," answers the tow-headed boy in the end seat, "and he said his punishment was greater than he could bear."—*Exchange.*

**The Barber's Guide.** Secrets for all. How to get tips. How to put it over 'em in hotel and depot shops. The secret of honing. How to take advantage of the long hours. How to hold your trade. Why barbers become discouraged with the trade, etc. Particulars free.
**W. WINTERS, 824 North Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

**Collars and Cuffs**
"BARKER BRAND"
MADE OF LINEN
1/4 SIZES 15¢ TWO FOR 25¢ 1/4 SIZES

**Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL**



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Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 6 shots in one loading. At dealers, or by mail, 50c. Rubber-covered Holster, 10c. With Pistol, 55c. Money-order or U. S. stamps. No coins. Parker Stearns & Co., 294 Sheffield Ave., Dept. E, B'klyn, N. Y.

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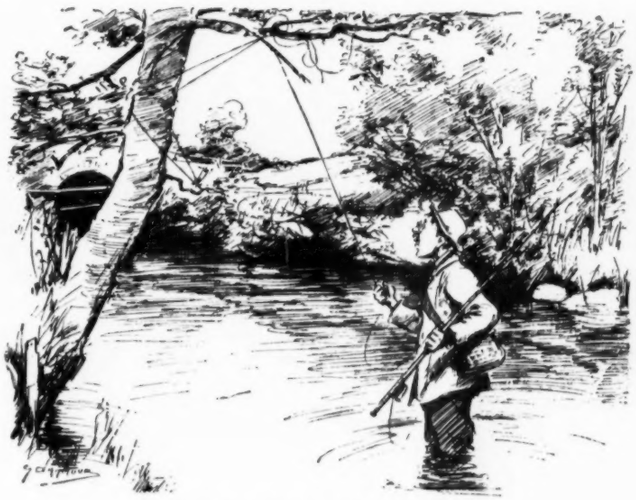

HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.

The beginner should always borrow tackle. It will save him a a lot of unnecessary expense in the event of his declining, after trial, not to continue the pursuit. —*London Punch.*

ITS REAL EFFECT.

Jacob A. Riis was talking about witty newspaper headlines.

"As witty a headline as I know of," said he, "was written by a youth of eighteen in a San Francisco newspaper office. There was a bill up to prohibit the sale of alcoholic drinks within four miles of the University of California, and this bill the youth headed:

"'An Act To Promote Pedestrianism among Our Students.'"—*Washington Star.*

**Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the** best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

THE HARD PART.

It's hard to live within one's salary, but there's one consolation—it's harder to live without it.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

THEN "BEAT IT."

"I don't understand how one can learn boxing by correspondence as this advertisement states. How can one get any practice?"

"Oh, you get your practice licking stamps."—*Pittsburgh Observer.*

A LONG ENGAGEMENT.

At the Army and Navy Club in Washington one evening a group of officers, most of them young men, were swapping stories of various engagements during the war with Spain and the subsequent troubles in the Philippines.

Among the silent listeners was one grizzled veteran, a naval commander of national renown. It must have occurred to one of the young men that it was peculiarly ludicrous that officers not long out of the academies should be holding forth with respect to their exploits, while this old fellow sat silent in a corner. So, turning to the veteran, one of the young officers blithely asked,

"What was the longest engagement you ever participated in, admiral?"

"It lasted three years," said the old chap, without a suspicion of a smile, "and, worst of all, the young woman married another man."

THE STUDENT'S PUZZLE.

All the young men at present
View directoires with alarm.
If girls are one size from top to toe,
Where shall he put his arm.
—*Yale Record.*

**HOTEL EARLINGTON**
**55 West 27th Street**
**Near Broadway, New York**

THIS well known, absolutely fire-proof hotel, after being entirely renovated, redecorated and fitted up complete with new plumbing, has now reopened.

**Rates from $1.00 and up**
**With Bath, $2.00 and up**

Special rates by the season or year for permanent guests.

A special feature will be the cuisine, both in the dining room and in the new cafe for ladies and gentlemen. A la Carte and Table d'Hote.

Hotel under the management of
**GUERNSEY E. WEBB.**
Formerly of the Ansonia.

**Relieves CATARRH of the BLADDER and all Discharges in 24 HOURS**

SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY

Each capsule bears the name "MIDY" Beware of counterfeits. Sold by all druggists.

# "FOR MINE"

## BIG SHAVERS and LITTLE SHAVERS TOO

enjoy **Mennen's** Borated Talcum **Toilet Powder.** For the **Big Shavers,** it **prevents** the ill effects of frequent shaving. It takes the **smart** out of the **tender skin,** and keeps it **smooth** and **healthy**

For **Little Shavers Mennen's** is most beneficial after the **bath.** It **cools** and **comforts** the delicate **skin,** prevents **chafing** and **roughness,** and relieves **prickly heat** and other **skin irritations** from which children suffer.

**Mennen's** Borated Talcum **Toilet Powder** is superior to every other skin powder in efficiency and **purity.** It contains no starch, rice powder or any other irritant used in ordinary **toilet powders.**

Try **MENNEN'S VIOLET (BORATED) TALCUM TOILET POWDER,** which has the scent of fresh-cut Parma violets. **SAMPLE FREE. MENNEN'S BORATED SKIN SOAP** (blue wrapper) for Shampooing. No Samples. **MENNEN'S SEN YANG TOILET POWDER,** Oriental Odor. No Samples. LOOK FOR THE FACE on our SPECIAL NON-REFILLABLE BOX—the "**BOX THAT LOX.**"

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